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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

God's Promises

By JOHN BALE

BISHOP OF OSSORY

Date of Original, 1538

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1908

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[Vol. 4.]

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Chief Promises of God unto Man

[God's Promises]

By JOHN BALE

BISHOP OF OSSORY

1538

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The Chief Promises of God unto Man

[God's promises]

By JOHN BALE

BISHOP OF OSSORY

The original of this facsimile is in the British Museum (Press-mark C. 34, c. 2)*; it is the only known copy of the first edition. It formed part of the Garrick collection, and probably it came to the famous eighteenth-century actor from the Harley library through Robert Dodsley the antiquarian bookseller, who speaks of having found it in "the Harleian Collection of Old Plays, consisting of between* 600 *and* 700*, which are now in my possession." "God's Promises" was reprinted in* 1577*, the first edition being so entirely forgotten by then that the new impression was described as "now fyrst imprynted." This play has been frequently reprinted in modern times.*

John Bale—"bilious Bale"—was a notable figure in his time, a strenuous and not altogether consistent supporter and exponent of the Reformation. He was unscrupulous in attack and violent in speech. Born in 1495 *he died in* 1563*, having, at the age of* 64*, confessed himself "an old and worn-out man." I have in my edition of "The*

Dramatic Writings of John Bale" (*Early English Drama Society*, 1907) *dwelt at length upon the life and times of this hard-hitting acerbous prelate. To this source of reference may be added* "*The Dictionary of National Biography*" (*as a matter of course*), *the introduction to the facsimile reprint of Bale's* "*Three Laws*" (*Tudor Facsimile Texts*), *Herford's* "*Literary Relations of England and Germany in the* 16*th Century*," *Snell's* "*Age of Transition*," *Schroer's Introduction to* "*The Three Laws*" (*Halle*, 1882), *&c. &c.*

Mr. J. A. Herbert of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum after comparing this facsimile with the original copy reports that "*it must not be considered one of the greatest successes*" *of the series. He adds, however,* "*it was exceptionally difficult to reproduce, no doubt.*" *This difficulty arises, for the most part, from the mutilated and stained condition of the original: even the yellow-tinted official stamp of the British Museum has in two instances made darker what is perfectly clear in the original. To this general criticism there is little to add.*

(1) *Title-page, line* 2, *the* "**D**" *of* "**God**" *is clearer in original: as will be seen the page is mutilated, only the top half being left, mounted on a leaf of blank paper.*

(2) **A. ij.** recto, *lines* 2 *and* 3, *the last words are clearer in original: in line* 2, "**congr . . enc⁹**" [*Congruence*]; *line* 3, "**serche of co . .**" *Concerning this page Mr. Herbert makes the following remark:*—"*Not very successful where the page has been repaired. This applies not only to this page, but also to those which follow.*"

(3) A. ij. verso, *lines* 3, 4, 5, 10, *and* 21, *the obliterated words at commencement are respectively* "As," "Whych," "They come," "And thys," *and* "For" [*the* F *and* o *imperfect, but unmistakable*].

(4) A. iij. verso, *line* 16, *the initial is* "F" [*For one*].

(5) B. i. verso, *line* 21, "For," *top of* F *wanting, but the letter is unmistakable.*

(6) *B. iij.* verso, *line* 4, *Act iii.*, "He" *is plain under stain.*

(7) C. [*i.*] verso, *line* 4, *there is no flaw in MS.: the mark on margin has been introduced by some flaw in printing.*

(8) *C. iv.* recto, *line* 4, *third word*, "at," *the* "t" *is faint in original but legible.*

JOHN S. FARMER.

A Tragedye or enterlude

manyfestyng the three promyses of God

vnto man by all ages in the olde lawe, from the fall of

Adam to the incarnacyon of the lorde Jesus

Christ. Compyled by Johan Bale. Anno

Domini M. D XXXVIII.

1664
1538

of God

Balcus prolocutor.

IF profyght maye growe, moſt Chriſte audyēce.
By knowlege of thynges, whych are but trāſytorye,
And here for a tyme. Of moch more cōſ
Aduantage myght ſpryngе, by the ſer
ſes heauenlye.
As thoſe matters are, that the Goſpell ſpecyfye.
Without whoſe knowledge, no man to the truche
Nor euer atteyne, to the lyfe perpetuall.
For he that knoweth not, the lyuynge God ete
The father, the ſonne, and alſo the holye Ghoſt.
And what Chriſt ſuffered, for redempcyon of vs all.
What he commaunded, and taught in euery cooſt.
And what he forbode. That man muſt nedes be loſt.
And cleane ſeclnded, from the faythfull choſen ſorte.
In the heauens abone, to hys moſt hygh dyſconfort.
Yow therfor (good fryndes) I louyngely
To waye ſoche matters, as wyll be vttered h
Of whome ye maye loke, to haue no tryfelin
In fantaſyes fayned, nor ſoche lyke gaudy
But the thynges that ſhall, your inwarde ſtoma
To reioyce in God, for your juſtyfycacyon,
And alone in Chriſt, to hope for your ſaluacyon.
Yea, firſt ye ſhall haue, the eternall generacyon,
Of Chriſt lyke as Johan, in hys firſt chapi wryghe,
And conſequentlye, of man the firſt creacyon,
The abuſe and fall, through hys firſt ouerſyght,
And therayſe agayne, through Gods hygh grace & myg
By promyſes firſt, whych ſhall be declared all,
Then by hys owne ſonne, the worker pryncypall.
After that Adam, bywayleth here hys fall,
God wyll ſhewe mercye, to euery generacyon.

And to hys kyngedome, of hys great goodneſſe call,
hys elected ſpouſe, or faythfull congregacyon,
here ſhall apere, by open proteſtacyon,
from Chriſtes birthe, ſhall to hys deathe conclude,
ent thatthereof, wyll ſhewe the certytude,

Pater cœleſtis.

IN the begynnynge, before the heauens were
create,
In me and of me, was my ſonne ſempyternall,
With the holy Ghoſt, in one degre or eſtate,
Of the hygh Godhed, to me the father coequall.
hys my ſonne was, with me one God eſſencyall,
hout ſeparacyon, at any tyme from me,
God he is, of equall dignyte,
the begynnynge, my ſonne hath euer be,
hys father, in one eſſencyall beynge.
e create, by hym in yche degre,
& earthe, and haue their dyuerſe workynge.
power, was neuer made anye thynge,
wrought. But through hys ordynaunce,
e hys ſtrength, and whole contynuaunce.
n hym is the lyfe, and the iuſt recouerance
Adam and hys, whych nought but deathe deſerued.
And thys lyfe to men, is an hygh perſeuerannce,
Or a lyght of faythe, wherby they ſhall be ſaued.
And thys lyght ſhall ſhyne, amonge the people darkened,
With vnfaythfulneſſe. Yet ſhall they not with hym take,
nt of wyll full hart, hys lyberall grace forſake.
Whych wyll compell me, agaynſt man ſore to make,
In my dyſpleaſure. And ſende plages of correccyon,
Moſt greuouſe and ſharpe, hys wanton luſtes to ſlake,

by

By water and fyre, by ſyckeneſſe and infeccyon,
Of peſtylent ſores, moleſtynge hys complexcyon
By troubleouſe warre, by derthe and peynefull feareneſſe,
And after thys lyfe, by an extreme heauyneſſe,
I wyll fyrſt begynne, with Adam for hys lewdeneſſe,
Whych for an apple, neglected my commaundemente.
He ſhall contynue, in laboure for hys raſheneſſe,
Hys onlye ſweate ſhall, prouyde hys food and rayment.
Yea, yet muſt he haue, a greatter ponnyſhment.
Moſt terryble deathe, ſhall brynge hym to hys ende.
To teache hym how he, hys lorde God, ſhall offende.

Hic præceps in terram cadit Adamus, ac poſt quartum
uerſum denuo reſurgit.

Adam primus homo.

Mercyfull father, thy pytiefull grace extende,
To me carefull wretche, whych haue me ſore abuſed.
Thy precepe breakynge. O lorde, I mynde to amende,
If thy great goodneſſe, wolde now haue me excuſed,
Moſt heauenlye maker, lete me not be refuſed,
Nor caſt from thy ſyght, for one pore ſynneful creature.
Alas I am frayle, my whole kynde ys but ſlyme.

Pater cœleſtis.

I wott it is ſo, yet art thu no leſſe faultye,
Thã thu haddyſt bene made, of matter moch more worthye.
I gaue the reaſon, and wytte to vnderſtande,
The good from the euyll. And not to take on hande,
Of a brayneleſſe mynde, the thynge whych I forbad the.

Adam primus homo.

Soch heauye fortune, hath chefelye chaunced me,
For that I was left, to myne owne lyberte.

Pater cœleſtis.

Then thu art blameleſſe, and the faulte thu layeſt to me?

Adam primus homo.

Naye, all J aſcribe, to my owne imbecyllyte,
No faulte in the lorde, but in my infirmyte,
And want of reſpect, in ſoche gyftes as thu gaueſt me.

Pater cœleſtis.

For that J put the, at thyne owne lyberte,
Thu oughteſt my goodneſſe, to haue in more regarde.

Adam primus homo.

Anoyde it J can not, thu layeſt it to me ſo harde.
Lorde now J perceyue, what power is in man,
And ſtrength of hymſelfe, whan thy ſwete grace is abſente.
He muſt nedes but fall, do he the beſt he can,
And daunger hymſelfe, as apereth euydent.
For J ſynned not, ſo longe as thu wert preſent.
But whan thu wert gone, J fell to ſynne by and by,
And the dyſpleaſed. Good lorde J aye the mercy.

Pater cœleſtis.

Thu ſhalt dye for it, with all thy poſteryte,

Adam primus homo;

[redacted]e faulte good lorde, auenge not thy ſelf on me,
[redacted]but a worme, or a fleſhelye vanyte.

Pater cœleſtis;

J ſaye thu ſhalt dye, with thy whole poſteryte,

Adam primus homo;

Yet mercy ſwete lorde, yf anye mercy maye be.

Pater cœleſtis

J am immutable, J maye change no decre,
Thu ſhalt dye (J ſaye) without anye remedye,

Adam primus homo.

Yet gracyouſe father, extende to me thy mercye,
And throwe not awaye, the worke whych thu haſt create,
To thyne owne Jmage, But auert from me thy hate,

Pater

Pater cœlestis

But art thu sorye, from bottom of thy hart?

Adam primus homo.

Thy displeasure is, to me most heauye smart.

Pater cœlestis

Than wyll I tell the, what thu shalt sticke vnto,
Lyfe to recouer, and my good fauer also.

Adam primus homo.

Tell it me swete lorde, that I maye therafter go.

Pater cœlestis

Thys ys my couenaunt, to the and all thy offsprynge.
For that thu hast bene, deceyued by the serpent.
I wyll put hatred, betwixt hym for hys doynge,
And the woman kynde. They shall herafter dyssent.
Hys sede with her sede, shall neuer haue agrement,
Her sede shall presse downe, hys heade vnto the grounde,
Slee hys suggestyons, and hys whole power confounde.
Cleane to thys promyse, with all thy inwarde powre,
Fyrmelye enclose it, in thy remembraunce fast.
Folde it in thy faythe, with full hope daye and houre,
And thy saluacyon, it wyll be at the last.
That sede shall clere the, of all thy wyckednesse past.
And procure thy peace, with most hygh grace in my syght,
Se thu trust to it, and holde not the matter lyght.

Adam primus homo.

Swete lorde the promyse, that thy self here hath made me,
Of thy mere goodnesse, and not of my deseruynge,
In my faythe I trust, shall so establyshed be,
By helpe of thy grace, that it shall be remaynynge,
So longe as I shall haue here contynuynge,
And shewe it I wyll, to my posteryte,
That they in lyke case, haue therby felycyte.

Pater cœlestis.

For

For a cloſynge vp, take yet one ſentence with the.

Adam primus homo.

At thy pleaſure lorde, all thynges myght euer be,

Pater celeſtis

For that my promyſe, maye haue the deper effect,
In the fayth of the, and all thy generacyon.
Take thys ſygne with it, as a ſeale, therto connect.
Crepe ſhall the Serpent, for hys abhomynacyon.
The woman ſhall ſorowe, in paynefull propagacyon.
Like as thu ſhalt fynde, thys true in out warde worke ynge.
So thynke the other, though it be an hydden thynge.

Adam primus homo.

Jnceſſaunt prayſynge, to the moſt heauenlye lorde,
For thys thy ſocoure, and vnderſerued kyndeneſſe.
Thu byndeſt me in hart, thy gracyouſe gyftes to recorde,
And to beare in mynde, now after my heauyneſſe,
The brute of thy name, with in warde ioye and gladneſſe.
Thu dyſdayneſt not, as wele apereth thys daye,
To fatche to thy folde, thy firſt ſhepe goynge a ſtraye.
Moſt myghtye maker, thu caſteſt not yet awaye,
Thy ſynneſull ſeruaunt, whych hath done moſt offence.
Jt is not thy mynde, for euer J ſhuld decaye,
But thu reſerueſt me, of thy benyuolence,
And haſt prouyded, for me a recompence,
By thy appoyntment, like as J haue receyued,
Jn thy ſtronge promyſe, here openlye pronounced,
Thys goodneſſe dere lorde of me is vndeſerued,
J ſo declynynge, from thy firſt inſtytucyon,
At ſo lyght mocyons. To one that thus hath ſwerued,
What a lorde art thu, to geue ſoche rettybucyon:
J damnable wretche, deſerued execucyon,
Of terryble deathe, without all remedye,

ani

And to be put out, of all good memorye.
I am enforced, to reioyce here inwardelye.
An ympe though I be, of helle, deathe, and dampnacyon.
Through my owne worke̅ynge. For I conſydre thy mercye.
And pytie full mynde, for my whole generacyon.
It is thu ſwete lorde, that worke̅eſt my ſaluacyon.
And my recouer. Therfor of a congruence,
From hens thu muſt haue, my hart and obedyence.
Thought I be mortall, by reaſon of my offence.
And ſhall dye the deathe, like as God hath appoynted.
Of thys am I ſure, through hys hygh influence,
At a ſerten daye, agayne to be reuyued.
From grounde of my hart, thys ſhall not be remoued.
I haue it in faythe, and therfor I wyll ſynge,
Thys Antheme to hym, that my ſaluacyon ſhall brynge.

Tunc ſonora uoce, prouolutis genibus Antiphonam incipit, O Sapientia, Quam proſequetur chorus cum organis, eo interim exeunte.

Vel ſub eodem tono poterit ſic Anglice cantari.

O eternal Sapyence, that procedeſt from the mouthe of the hyghe̅ſt, reachynge fourth with a great power frō the begy̅nynge to the ende, with heauenlye ſwetneſſe dyſpoſynge all creatures, come now and enſtruct vs the true waye of thy godlye prudence.

Finit Actus primus.

Pater cœleſtis

I haue bene moued, to ſtryke man dyuerſelye,
Sens I lefte Adam, in thys ſame earthly manſyon,
For whye he hath done, to me dyſpleaſures manye,
And wyll not amende, hys lyfe in anye condycyon,
No reſpect hath he, to my worde nor monycyon.
But doth what hym luſt, without dyſcrete aduyſement,
And wyll in no wyſe, take myne aduertyſement.
Cain hath ſlayne Abel, hys brother an innocent,
Whoſe blonde from the earthe, doth call to me for vengeaũce
My children with mennis, ſo carnallye conſent,
That their vayne workynge, is vnto me moche greuaunce,
Mankynde is but fleſhe, in hys whole dallyaunce,
All vyce encreaſeth, in hym contynuallye,
Nothyngt he regardeth, to walke vnto my glorye.
My hart ab horreth, hys wylfull myſerye,
Hys cankred malyce, hys curſed couetouſneſſe,
Hys luſtes lecherouſe, hys vengeable tyrannye,
Vnmercyfull mourther, and other vngodlyneſſe,
I wyll deſtroye hym, for hys outragyouſneſſe.
And not hym onlye, but all that on earthe do ſtere,
For it repenteth me, that euer I made them here.

Iuſtus Noah.

Moſt gentyll maker, with hys frayleneſſe ſumwhat beare
Man is thy creature, thy ſelfe can not ſaye naye.
Though thu ponnyſh hym, to put hym ſumwhat in feare,
Hys faulte to knowledge, yet ſeke not hys decaye.
Thu mayeſt reclayme hym, though he goeth now aſtraye,
And brynge hym agayne, of thy abundaunt grace,
To the folde of faythe, he acknowlegynge hys treſpace.

Pater cœleſtis,

Thu knoweſt I haue geuen, to hym conuenyent ſpace,

With

With lawfull warnynges, yet he amendeth in no place.
The naturall lawe, whych I wrote in hys harte,
He hath outraced, all goodneſſe puttynge a parte,
Of helthe the couenaunt, whych I to Adam made,
He regardeth not, but walketh a damnable trade,

Iuſtus Noah.

All thys is true lorde, I can not thy wordes reproue,
Lete hys weakeneſſe yet, thy mercyfull goodneſſe moue.

Pater cœleſtis.

No weakeneſſe is it, but wylfull workynge all,
That reigneth in man, through mynde dyabolycall.
He ſhall haue therfor, lyke as he hath deſerued.

Iuſtus Noah

Loſe hym not yet lorde, though he hath depelye ſwerued,
I knowe thy mercye, is farre aboue hys rudeneſſe,
Beynge infynyte, as all other thynges are in the.
Hys folye therfor, now pardone of thy goodneſſe,
And meaſure it not, beyonde thy godlye pytie.
Eſteme not hys faulte, farder than helpe maye be,
But graunt hym thy grace, as he offendeth ſo depelye,
The to remembre, and abhorre hys myſerye.
Of all goodneſſe lorde, remembre thy great mercye,
To Adam and Eue, breakynge thy firſt commaundement.
Them thu releuedeſt, with thy ſwete promyſe heauenlye,
Synnefull though they were, and their lyues neglygent.
I knowe that mercye, with the is permanent,
And wyll be euer, ſo longe as the worlde endure.
Than cloſe not thy hande, from man whych is thy creature.
Beynge thy ſubiect, he is vndreneth thy cure,
Correct hym thu mayeſt, and ſo brynge hym to grace.
All lyeth in thy handes, to leaue or to allure,
Bytter deathe to geue, or graunte moſt ſuffren ſolace.

Vtterlye from man, auerte not then thy face,
But lete hym ſauer, thy ſwete benyuolence,
Sumwhat though he fele, thy hande for hys offence.

Pater cœleſtis.

My true ſeruaũt Noah, thy ryghtouſneſſe doth moue me,
Sumwhat to reſerue, for mannys poſteryte.
Though I drowne the worlde, yet wyll I ſaue the lyues,
Of the and thy wyfe, thy iij. ſonnes and their wyues,
And of yche kynde two, to maynteyne yow herafter.

Iuſtus Noah.

Bleſſed be thy name, moſt myghtye mercyfull maker:
With the to dyſpute, it were vnconuenyent.

Pater cœleſtis.

Whye doeſt thu ſaye ſo: Be bolde to ſpeke thy intent.

Iuſtus Noah.

Shall the other dye, without anye remedyee

Pater cœleſtis.

I wyll drowne them all, for their wylfull wycked folye,
That man herafter, therby maye knowe my powre,
And feare to offende, my goodneſſe daye and houre.

Iuſtus Noah.

As thy pleaſure is, ſo myght it alwayes be,
For my helthe thu art, and ſowles felycyte.

Pater cœleſtis.

After that thys floude, haue had hys ragynge paſſage,
Thys ſhall be to the, my couenaunt euerlaſtynge.
The ſees and waters, ſo farre neuermore ſhall rage,
As all fleſhe to drowne, I wyll ſo tempre their worke ynge,
Thys ſygne wyll I adde, alſo to confirme the thynge,
In the cloudes aboue, as a ſeale or token clere,
For ſauegarde of man, my raynebowe ſhall apere.
Take thu thys couenaunt for an erneſt confirmacyon,

Of

Of my former promyse, to Adams generacyon.

Iustus Noah.

I wyll blessed lorde, with my whole hart and mynde,

Pater cœlestis.

Farewele than iust Noah, here leaue I the behynde.

Iustus Noah.

Most myghtye maker, ere I from hens depart,
I must geue the prayse, from the bottom of my hart.
Whom maye we thanke lorde, for our helthe & saluacyone
But thy great mercye and goodnesse vndeserued,
Thy promyse in faythe, is our iustyfycacyon,
As it was Adams, whan hys hart therin rested,
And as it was theirs, whych therin also trusted.
Thys faythe was grounded, in Adams memorye,
And clerelye declared, in Abels innocencye.
Faythe in that promyse, Olde Adam ded iustyfye,
In that promyse faythe, made Eua to prophecye.
Faythe in that promyse, proued Abel innocent,
In that promyse faythe, made Seth full obedyent.
That faythe taught Enos, on Gods name first to call,
And made Mathusalah, the oldest man of all.
That fayth brought Enoch, to so hygh exercyse,
That God toke hym vp, with hym into paradyse,
Of that faythe the want, made Cain to hate the good,
And all hys offsprynge, to perysshe in the flood.
Faythe in that promyse, preserued both me and myne,
So wyll it all them, whych folowe the same lyne.
Not onlye thys gyfte, thu hast geuen me swete lorde,
But with it also, thyne euerlastynge couenaunt,
Of truse for euer, thy raynebowe bearynge recorde.
Neuermore to drowne, the worlde by floude inconstaunt,
Makynge the waters, more peaceable and pleasaunt.

Alac I can not, to the geue prayſe condygne,
Yet wyll I ſynge here, with harte meke and benygne.

Magna tunc uoce Antiphonam incipit, O oriens ſplendor, &c, in genua cadens; Quam chorus proſequetnr cum organis, ut ſupra.

Vel Anglice ſub eodem tono.

O moſt orient clerenesſe, and lyght ſhynynge of the ſempiternall bryghtneſſe. O clere ſunne of iuſtyce and heauenlye eyghtouſneſſe, come hyther and illumyne the priſoner, ſyttynge now in the darke priſon and ſhaddowe of eternall deathe.

Finit actus ſecundus.

Incipit actus tertius.

Pater cœleſtis.

Myne hygh dyſpleaſure, muſt nedes returne to man,
Conſyderynge the ſynne, that he doth daye by daye:
For neyther kyndeneſſe, nor extreme handelynge can,
Make hym to knowe me, by anye faythfull waye,
But ſtyll in myſchefe, he walketh to hys decaye.
If he do not ſone, hys wyckedneſſe conſydre,
It is lyke doubtleſſe, to peryſh all togydre.
In my ſyght he is, more venym than the ſpyder
Through ſoch abuſes, as he hath eyetcyſed,
From the tyme of Noah, to thys ſame ſeaſon hyder.
An vncomelye acte, without ſhame Cham commyſed,
Whan he of hys father, the ſecrete partes reueled.
In lyke caſe Nemrod, agaynſt me wrought abuſyon
As he rayſed vp, the caſtell of confuſyon,
Ninus hath alſo, and all by the deuyls illuſyon,
Through vmage makynge, vp rayſed Idolatrye,
Me to dyſhonoure. And now in the concluſyon,
The vyle Sodomytes, lyue ſo vnnaturallye

That

That their ſynne vengeaunte, ayeth contynuallye;
For my couenauntes ſake, I wyll not drowne with water.
Yet ſhall I vyſyte, their ſynnes with other matter.

Abraham fidelis.

Yet mercyfull lorde, thy gracyouſneſſe remembre,
To Adam and Noah, both in thy worde and promes.
And loſe not the ſowles, of men in ſo great nombre,
But ſaue thyne owne worke, of thy moſt dyſcrete goodnes.
I wote thy mercyes, are plentyfull and endles.
Neuer can they dye, nor fayle, thy ſelf endurynge,
Thys hath faythe fyxed, faſt in my vnderſtandynge.

Pater cœleſtis.

Abraham my ſeruaunt, for thy moſt faythfull meanynge.
Both thu and thy ſtocke, ſhall haue my plentouſe bleſſynge.
Where the vnfaythfull, vndre my curſe euermore,
For their vayne workynge, ſhall rewe their wyckedneſſe ſore.

Abraham fidelis.

Tell me bleſſed lorde, where wyll thy great malyce lyght.
My hope is, all fleſhe, ſhall not peryſh in thy ſyght.

Pater cœleſtis.

No trulye Abraham, thu chaunceſt vpon the ryght.
The thynge I ſhall do, I wyll not hyde from the,
Whome I haue bleſſyd, for thy true fydelyte.
For I knowe thu wylt, cauſe both thy chyldren & ſeruaũtes.
In my wayes to walke, and truſt vnto my couenauntes,
That I maye perfourme, with the my erneſt promes.

Abraham fidelis.

All that wyll I do, by aſſyſtence of thy goodnes.

Pater cœleſtis.

From Sodom and Gomor, the abhomynacyons call,
For my great vengeaunce, whych wyll vpon them fall.
Wylde fyre and brymſtone, ſhall lyght vpon them all.

Abraham

Abraham fidelis.

Pytiefull maker, though they haue kyndled thy furye,
Caſt not awaye yet, the iuſt ſort with the vngodlye.
Parauenture there maye, be fiftye ryghteouſe perſones,
Within thoſe cyties, wylt thu loſe them all at ones?
And not ſpare the place, for thoſe fyftye ryghteouſe ſakes?
Be it farre from the, ſoch rygoure to vndertake.
I hope there is not, in the ſo cruell hardeneſſe,
As to caſt awaye, the iuſt men with the recheleſſe,
And ſo to deſtroye, the good with the vngodlye,
In the iudge of all, be neuer ſoche a furye.

Pater cœleſtis.

At Sodom if I, maye fynde iuſt perſones fiftye,
The place wyll I ſpare, for their ſakes verelye.

Abraham fidelis.

I take vpon me, to ſpeake here in thy preſence,
More then become me, lorde pardon my neglygence.
I am but aſhes, and were lothe the to offende.

Pater cœleſtis.

Saye fourth good Abraham, for yll doſt thu non intende.

Abraham fidelis.

Happlye there maye be, fyue leſſe in the ſame nombre,
For their ſakes I truſt, thu wylt not the reſt accombre?

Pater cœleſtis

If I amonge them, myght fynde but fyne and fortye
Them wolde I not loſe, for that iuſt cumpanye.

Abraham fidelis.

What if the cytie, maye fortye ryghteouſe make?

Pater cœleſtis

Then wyll I pardone it, for thoſe ſame fortyes ſake.

Abraham fidelis.

Be not angrye lorde, though I ſpeake vndyſcretelye.

Pater

Pater cœleſtis

Vtter thy whole mynde, and ſpare me not hardelye.

Abraham fidelis.

Parauenture there maye be thirty founde amonge them.

Pater cœleſtis

Maye I fynde thirty, I wyll nothynge do vnto them:

Abraham fidelis.

I take vpon me, to moche lorde in thy ſyghte

Pater cœleſtis.

No, no, good Abraham, for I knowe thy faythe is ryght.

Abraham fidelis.

No leſſe I ſuppoſe, than twenty can it haue:

Pater cœleſtis.

Coulde I fynde twenty, that cytie wolde I ſaue.

Abraham fidelis.

Ones yet wyll I ſpeake, my mynde, and than nomore,

Pater cœleſtis.

Spare not to vtter, ſo moche as thu haſt in ſtore.

Abraham fidelis.

And what if there myght, be x. good creatures founde:

Pater cœleſtis.

The reſt for their ſake, myght ſo be ſafe and ſounde,
And not deſtroyed, for their abhomynacyon.

Abraham fidelis.

O mercyfull maker, moche is thy tolleracyon,
And ſufferaunce of ſynne. I ſe it now in dede,
Witſaue yet of fauer, out of thoſe cyties to leade,
Thoſe that be faythfull, though their flocke be but ſmall.

Pater cœleſtis.

Lot and hys howſholde, I wyll delyuer all,
For ryghteouſneſſe ſake whych is of me and not them.

Abraham fidelis.

Great are thy graces, in the generacyon of Sem.

Pater cœleſtis.

Well Abraham well, for thy true fayth fulnes,
Now wyll I geue the, my couenaunt or thirde promes,
Loke thu beleue it, as thu coueyſt ryghteouſneſſe.

Abraham fidelis.

Lorde ſo regarde me, as I receyue it with gladneſſe.

Pater cœleſtis

Of manye peoples, the father I wyll make the,
All generacyons, in thy ſede ſhall be bleſſyd,
As the ſtarres of heauen, ſo ſhall thy kynred be,
And by the ſame ſede, the worlde ſhall be redreſſed,
In circumcyſyon, ſhall thys thynge be expreſſed,
As in a ſure ſeale, to proue my promyſe true,
Prynt thys in thy fayth, and it ſhall thy ſowle reuiue.

Abraham fidelis.

I wyll not one Iote, Lorde from thy wyll dyſſent,
But to thy pleaſure, be alwayes obedyent,
Thy lawes to fullfyll, and moſt precyouſe commaundement.

Pater cœleſtis

Farwele Abraham, for heare in place I leaue the.

Abraham fidelis.

Thankes wyll I rendre, lyke as it ſhall behoue me.
Euerlaſtynge prayſe, to thy moſt gloryouſe name,
Whych ſauedyſt Adã, through fayth in thy ſwete promes,
Of the womannys ſede. And now confirmeſt the ſame,
In the ſede of me. Foſoth greate is thy goodnes
I can not perceyue, but that thy mercye is endles,
To ſoch as feare the, in euery generacyon,
For it endureth, without abreuyacyon.
Thys haue I prynted in depe conſyderacyon,
No worldly matter, can race it out of mynde,

for

For ones it wyll be, the fynall reſtauracyon,
Of Adam and Eue, with other that hath ſynde,
Yea, the ſure helthe, and rayſe of all mankynde.
Helpe haue the faythfull, therof, though they be infect,
They condempnacyon, where as it is reiect.
Mercyfull maker, my crabbed voyce dyrect,
That it maye breake out, in ſome ſwete prayſe to the,
And ſuffre me not, thy due lawdes to neglect,
But lete me ſhewe forth, thy commendacyons fre.
Stoppe not my wynde pypes, but geue them lyberte,
To ſounde to thy name, whych is moſt gracyouſe,
And in it reioyce, with hart melodyouſe.

Tunc alta voce canit Antiphonam, O rex gentium, choro eandem proſequente cum organis, ut prius, Vel Anglice hoc modo,

O moſt myghtye gouernour, of thy people, and in hart moſt deſyred, the harde rocke and true corner ſtone, that of two maketh one, vnynge the Jewes with the gentyles in one churche, come now and releue mankynde whom thu haſt fourmed of the vyle earthe.

Finit actus tertius.

Incipit actus Quartus,

Pater cœleſtis,

STyll ſo increaſeth, the wyckednesſe of man,
That I am moued, with plages hym to confounde,
Hys weakeneſſe to ayde, I do the beſt I can,
Yet he regardeth me, nomore than doth an hounde.
My worde and promyſe, in hys faythe taketh no grounde,
He wyll ſo longe walke, in hys owne luſtes at large,
That nought he ſhall fynde, hys folye to dyſcharge.

Sens Abrahams tyme, whych was my true elect,
Jſmael haue J founde, both wycked, fearce, and cruell,
And Eſau in mynde, with hatefull muther infect,
The ſonnes of Jacob, to luſtes vnnaturall fell,
And into Egypte, ded they their brother ſell,
Laban to ydolles, gaue faythfull reuerence,
Dina was corrupt, through Sichems vyolence.
Ruben abuſed hys fathers concubyne,
Judas gate chyldren, of hys owne doughter in lawe.
Yea, her in my ſyght, went after a wycked lyne,
Hys ſede Onan ſpylte, hys brothers name to withdrawe,
Achan lyued here, without all godlye awe.
And now the chyldren, of Jſrael abuſe my powre,
In ſo vyle maner, that they moue me euerye howre.

Moſes ſanctus.

Pacyfye thy wrathe, ſwete lorde J the deſyre,
As thu art gentyll, benygne and pacyent,
Loſe not that people, in fearceneſſe of thyne yre,
For whom thu haſt ſhewed, ſoche tokens euydent,
Conuertynge thys rodde, into a lyuelye ſerpent,
And the ſame ſerpent, into thys rodde agayne,
Thy wonderfull power, declarynge very playne.
For their ſakes alſo, putteſt Pharao to payne,
By ten dyuerſe plages, as J ſhall here declare.
By blonde, frogges, & lyce, by flyes, death, botche, & blayne,
By hayle, by graſſoppers, by darkeneſſe, and by care.
By a Soden plage, all their firſt gotten ware,
Thu ſleweſt in one nyght, for hys fearce cruelneſſe.
From that thy people, witholde not now thy goodneſſe.

Pater cœleſtis.

Jſtryfye the, my choſen ſeruaunt Moſes.

That

That people of myne is full of vnthankefulnes.

Moſes ſanctus.

Dere lorde, I knowe it, alas yet waye their weakenes,
And beare with their faultes, of thy great bounteouſneſſe.
In a flamynge buſhe, hauynge to them reſpect,
Thu appoyntedeſt me, their paſſage to direct,
And through the reade ſee, thy ryght hande ded vs lede,
Where Pharaoes hooſt, the floude ouerwhelmed in dede.
Thu wenteſt before them, in a ſhynynge cloude all daye,
And in the darke nyght, in fyre thu ſhewedeſt their waye,
Thu ſenteſt them Manna, from heauen to be their food,
Out of the harde ſtone, thu gaueſt them water good,
Thu appoyntedeſt them, a lande of mylke and honye,
Lete them not peryſh, for want of thy great mercye.

Pater cœleſtis.

Content they are not, with foule nor yet with fayre,
But murmour and grudge, as people in dyſpayre,
As I ſent Manna, they had it in dyſdayne,
Thus of their welfare, they manye tymes complayne,
Ouer Amalech, I gaue them the victorye,

Moſes ſanctus.

Moſt gloryouſe maker, all that is to thy glorye,
Thu ſenteſt them alſo, a lawe from heauen aboue,
And daylye ſhewedeſt them, manye tokens of great loue,
The braſen ſerpent, thu gaueſt them for their healynge,
And Balaams curſe, thu turnedeſt into a bleſſynge,
I hope thu wylt not, dyſdayne to helpe them ſtyll,

Pater cœleſtis

I gaue them preceptes, whych they wyll not fulfyll,
Nor yet knowledge me, for their God and good lorde,
So do their vyle dedes, with their wycked hartes accorde,
Whyls thu haſt talked, with me famylyarlye.

mountayne, the ſpace but of dayes fortye,
. . . ghtes all, they haue forgotten clerelye,
. . are turned, to ſhamefull ydolatrye,
For their God they haue, ſett vp a golden calfe.

Moſes ſanctus,

Lete me ſaye ſumwhat, ſwete father in their behalfe.

Pater cœleſtis.

I wyll firſt conclude, and then ſaye on thy mynde,
For that I haue founde, that people ſo vnkynde,
Not one of them ſhall enioye the promyſe of me,
For enterynge the lande, but Caleb and Joſue.

Moſes ſanctus.

Thy eternall wyll, euermore fulfylled be,
For dyſobedyence, thu ſleweſt the ſonnes of Aaron,
The earthe ſwelloweth in, both Dathan and Abiron,
The adders ded ſtynge, other wycked perſones els,
In wonderfull nombre. Thus haſt thu ponnyſhed rebels,

Pater cœleſtis.

Neuer wyll I ſpare, the curſed inyquyte,
Of ydolatrye, for no cauſe, thu mayſt truſt me.

Moſes ſanctus.

Forgeue them yet lorde, for thys tyme if it maye be.

Pater cœleſtis.

Thynkeſt thu that I wyll, ſo ſone change my decre?
Nó, Nó, frynde Moſes, ſo lyght thu ſhalt not fynde me,
I wyll ponnyſh them, all Iſrael ſhall it ſe.

Moſes ſanctus.

I wote, thy people, hath wrought abhomynacyon,
Worſhyppynge falſe goddes, to thy honours derogacyon,
Yet mercyfullye, thu mayeſt vpon them loke,
And if thu wylt not, thruſt me out of thy boke.

Pater cœleſtis.

Thoſe

Those great blasphemers shall out of my boke cleane,
But thu shalt not so, for I knowe what thu doest meane.
To induce my people, myne Angell shall assyst the,
That synne a na daye, wyll not vncorrected be.
And for the true zele, that thu to my people hast,
I adde thys couenaunt, vnto my promyses past.
Aryse them vp I wyll, a prophete from amonge them,
Not onlyke to the, to speake my wordes vnto them,
Who so he areth not, that he shall speake in my name,
I wyll reuenge it, to hys perpetuall shame.
The passe ouer lambe, wyll be a token iust,
Of thys stronge couenaunt. Thys haue I clerelye dyscust,
In my appoyntment, thys boure for your delyueraunce.

Moses sanctus.

Neuer shall thys thynge, depart from my remembrãce.
Laude be for euer, to the most mercyfull lorde,
Whych neuer with draweth, from man thy heauenlye cõfort,
But from age to age, thy benefytes doth recorde,
What thy goodnesse is, and hath bene to hys sort.
As we fynde thy grace, so ought we to report.
And doubtelesse it is, to vs most bounteouse,
Yea, for all our synnes, most ryche and plenteouse,
Abraham our father, founde the benynolouse,
So ded good Isaac, in hys dystresse amonge.
To Jacob thu wert, a gyde most gracyouse,
Joseph thu sauedest, from daungerouse deadlye wronge.
Melchisedech and Job, felt thy great goodnesse stronge,
So ded good Sara, rebecca, and fayre Rachel,
With Sephora my wyfe, the doughter of Raguel.
To prayse the swete lorde my fayth doth me compell,
For thy couenauntes sake, wherin rest our saluacyon.
The sede of promyse, all other sedes excell.

For

For therin remayneth, our full iuſtyfycacyon,
From Adam and Noah, in Abrahams generacyon.
That ſede procureth, Gods myghty grace and powre,
For the ſame ſedes ſake, I wyll ſynge now thys howre.

Clara tunc uoce Antiphonam incipit, O Emanuel, quam chorus (ut prius) proſequetur cum organis,
Vel Anglice canat.

O hygh kynge Emanuel, & our lege lorde, the longe expectacyon of Gentyles, and the myghtye ſauer of their multytude, the helthe and conſolacyon of ſynners, come now for to ſaue vs, as our lorde and our redemer.

Finit actus Quartus.

Incipit actus quintus.
Pater cœleſtis.

FOr all the fauer, I haue ſhewed Iſrael,
Delyuerynge her, from Pharaoes tyrannye,
And geuynge the lande fluentem lac & mel,
Yet wyll ſhe not leaue, her oldeydolatrye,
Nor knowe me for God. I abhorre her myſerye.
Veyed her I haue, with barrayles and decayes,
Styll muſt I plage her, I ſe non other wayes.

Dauid rex pius.

REmembre yet lorde, thy worthye ſeruaunt Moſes,
Walkynge in thy ſyght, without rebuke of the,
Both Aaron, Jetro, Eleazar, and Phinees,
Euermore feared, to offende thy mageſte.
Moch thu acceptedeſt, thy ſeruaunt Joſue,
Caleb and Othoniel, ſought the with all their hart,
Aioth end Sangar, for thy folke ded their part.
Gedeon and Thola, thy enemyes put to ſmart,

Jayt

Jayr and Jephte, gaue prayses to thy name.
These to leaue ydolles, thy people ded coart,
Samson the strongest, for hys part ded the same.
Samuel and Nathan, thy messages ded proclame,
What though fearce Pharao, wrough myschef in thy syght:
He was a pagane, laye not that in our lyght.
J wote the Beniamytes, abused the wayes of tyght,
So ded Helyes sonnes, and the sonnes of Samuel.
Saul in hys offyce, was slouthfull daye and nyght,
Wycked was Semei, so was Achitophel.
Measure not by them, the faultes of Jsrael,
Whom thu hast loued, of longe tyme so inteyrlye,
But of thy great grace, remyt her wycked folye.

Pater cœlestis.

J can not abyde, the vyce of ydolatrye,
Though J shuld suffer, all other vyllanye.
Whan Josue was dead, that sort from me ded fall,
To the worshyppynge of Asteroth and Baal,
Full vncleane ydolles, and monsters bestyall.

Dauid rex pius.

For it they haue had, thy ryghteouse ponnyshment,
And for as moch as they, ded wyckedly consent,
To the Palestynes, and Chananytes vngodlye,
Jdolaters takynge, to them in matrymonye,
Thu threwest them vndre, the kynge of Mesopotamye,
After thu subduedest them, for their Jdolatrye.
Eyghtene years to Eglon, the kynge of Moabytes,
And xx. years to Jabin, the kynge of Chananytes,
Oppressed they were, vij. years of the Madyanytes,
And xviij. years vexed, of the cruell Ammonytes.
In iij. great battayles, of iij. score thousand and fyue,
Of thys thy people, not one was left a lyue.

Haue mercye now lorde, and call them to repentaunce.

Pater cœleſtis.

So longe as they ſynne, ſo longe ſhall they haue grenaūce.
Dauid my ſeruaunt, ſum what muſt I ſaye to the.
For that thu lately, haſt wrought ſoch oanyte.

Dauid rex pius.

Spare not bleſſed lorde, but ſaye thy pleaſure to me.

Pater cœleſtis.

Of late dayes thu haſt, myſuſed Berſabe,
The wyfe of Vrye, and ſlayne hym in the fyelde.

Dauid rex pius.

Mercye lorde mercye, for doubteleſſe I am defyelde:

Pater cœleſtis

I conſtytute the, a kynge ouer Iſrael,
And the preſerued, from Saul whych was thy enemye.
Yea, in my fauer, ſo moch thu dedyſt eycell,
That of thy enemyes, I gaue the victorye.
Paleſtynes and Syryanes, to the came trybutarye.
Why haſt thu then wrought, ſoch folye in my ſyght:
Deſpyſynge my worde, agaynſt all godlye ryght.

Dauid rex pius.

I haue ſynned lorde, I beſyche the, pardon me.

Pater cœleſtis.

Thu ſhalt not dye Dauid, for thys inyquyte,
For thy repentaunce, But thy ſonne by Berſabe,
Shall dye, for as moch, as my name is blaſphemed,
Amonge my enemyes, and thu the worſe eſtemed.
From thy howſe for thys, the ſwerde ſhall not depart.

Dauid rex pius.

I am ſorye lorde, from the bottom of my hart.

Pater cœleſtis.

To further anger, thu doeſt me yet compell.

Dauid

Dauid rex pius.

For what matter lorde J beſyche thy goodneſſe tell.

Pater cœleſtis.

Why dedeſt thu numbre, the people of Jſraele
Suppoſeſt in thy mynde, therin thu haſt done welle

Dauid rex pius.

J can not ſaye naye, but J haue done vndyſcretelye,
To forget thy grace, for a humayne pollycye.

Pater cœleſtis.

Thu ſhalt of theſe iij. choſe whych plage thu wylt haue,
For that ſynnefull acte, that J thy ſowlemaye ſaue.
A ſcarſenesſe vij. years, or els iij. monthes eyvle,
Eyther for iij. dayes, the peſtylence moſt vyle,
For one thu muſt haue, there is no remedye.

Dauid rex pius.

Lorde at thy pleaſure, for thu art full of mercye,

Pater cœleſtis.

Of a peſtylence, then iij. ſcore thouſand and ten,
Jn iij. dayes ſhall dye of thy moſt puyſauut men.

Dauid rex pius.

Oh lorde, it is J, whych haue offended thy grace,
Spare them and not me, for J haue done the treſpace.

Pater cœleſtis.

Though thy ſynnes be great, thy inwarde hartes contrycyon,
Doth moue my ſtomake, in wonderfull condycyon.
J fynde the a man, accordynge to my hart,
Wherfor thys promyſe, J make the ere J depart.
A frute there ſhall come, forth yſſuynge from thy bodye,
Whom J wyll aduaunce, vpon thy ſeate for euer.
Hys trone ſhall become, a ſeate of heauenlye glorye,
Hys worthy ſcepture, from ryght wyll not dyſſeuer,
Hys happye kyngedome, of faythe, ſhall peryſh neuer.

Of heauen and of earthe, he was autor principall,
And wyll contynue, though they do perysh all.
Thys sygne shalt thu haue, for a token specyall,
That thu mayst beleue, my wordes vnfaynedlye.
Where thu hast mynded, for my memoryall,
To buylde a temple, thu shalt not fynysh it trulye.
But Salomon thy sonne, shall do that accyon worthye,
In token that Christ, must fynysh euery thynge,
That I haue begunne, to my prayse euerlastynge.

Dauid rex pius.

Immortall glorye, to the, most heauenlye kynge,
For that thu hast geuen, contynuall victorye,
To me thy seruaunt, euer sens my anoyntynge,
And also before, by manye conquestes worthye,
A beare and lyon, I slewe through thy strengthonlye,
I slewe Golias, whych was vj. cubites longe,
Agaynst thy enemyes, thu madest me euer stronge.
My fleshlye frayletie, made me do deadlye wronge,
And cleane to forget, thy lawes of ryghteousnesse,
And thoughthu vysytedest, my synnefulnesse amonge,
With pestylent plages, and other vnquyetnesse,
Yet neuer tokest thu, from me the plenteousnesse,
Of thy godly spirite, whych thu in me dedyst plant,
I hauynge remorce, thy grace coulde neuer want,
For in conclusyon, thy euerlastynge couenaunt,
Thu gauest vnto me, for all my wycked synne,
And hast promysed here, by protestacyon constaunt,
That one of my sede, shall soch hygh fortune wynne,
As neuer ded man, sens thys worlde ded begynne.
By hys power he shall, put Sathan from hys holde,
In reioyce wherof, to synge wyll I be bolde.

Canora

Canora uoce tunc incipit Antiphonam, O Adonai, Quam (ut prius) prosequetur chorus cum organis.

Vel sic Anglice.

O lorde God Adonai, & gyde of the faylhfull howse of Israel, whych sumtyme aperedest in the flamynge bushe to Moses. and to hym dedest geue a lawe in mounte Syna, come now forto redeme vs in the strengthe of thy ryght hande.

Finit actus Quintus,

Incipit actus sextus.

Pater cœlestis.

I Brought vp chyldren, from their first infancye,
Whych now despyseth, my godlye instytucyons.
An oxe knoweth hys lorde, an asse hys masters dewtye,
But Israel wyll not, knowe me nor my condycyons,
Oh frowarde people, geuen all to superstycyons,
Vnnaturall chyldren, expert in blasphemyes,
Prouoketh me to hate, by their ydolatryes.
Take hede to my wordes, ye tyrauntes of Sodoma,
In vayne ye offer, your sacryfyce to me.
Dyscontent I am, with yow beastes of Gomorra,
And haue no pleasure, whan I your offerynges se.
I abhorre your fastes. and your solempnyte,
For your tradycyons, my wayes ye set a part,
Your workes are in vayne, I hate them from the hart.

Esaias propheta.

Thy cytie swete lorde, is now become vnfaythfull,
And her condycyons, are turned vp so downe.
Her lyfe is vnchast, her actes be very hurtefull,
Her murther and theft, hath darkened her renowne.
Couetouse rewardes, doth so their conscyence drowne,

That the fatherleſſe, they wyll not helpe to ryghe,
The poore wydowes cauſe, come not afore their ſyghe,
Thy peceable pathes, ſeke they neyther daye nor nyghe,
But walke wycked wayes, after their fantaſye.
Conuert their hartes lorde, and geue them thy true lyghe,
That they maye perceyue, their cuſtomable folye.
Leaue them not helpeleſſe, in ſo depe myſerye,
But call them from it, of thy moſt ſpecyall grace,
By thy true propheres, to their ſowles helthe and ſolace.

Pater cœleſtis

Firſt they had fathers, than had they patryarkes,
Than dukes, than iudges, to their gydes and monarkes.
Now haue they ſtowte kynges, yet are they wycked ſtyll,
And wyll in no wyſe, my pleſaunt lawes fulfyll.
Alwayes they applye, to ydolles wotſhyppynge,
From the vyle begger, to the anoynted kynge.

Eſaias Propheta.

For that cauſe thu haſt, in two deuyded them,
In Samaria the one, the other in Hieruſalem,
The kynge of Juda, in Hieruſalem ded dwell,
And in Samaria, the kynge of Iſrael.
Ten of the twelue trybes, bycame Samarytanes,
And the other two, were Hieroſolymytanes.
In both theſe cuntreyes, accordynge to their doynges,
Thu permyttedeſt them, to haue moſt cruell kynges,
The firſt of Juda, was wycked kynge Roboam,
Of Iſrael the firſt, was that cruell Hieroboam.
Abia than folowed, and in the other Nadab,
Then Baſa, then Hela, then Zambri, Joram and Achab.
Then Ochoſias, then Athalia, then Joas,
On the other part, was Joathan and Achas.
To rehearce them all, that haue done wretchydlye,

In

In the ſyght of the,it were longe verelye.

Pater cœleſtis.

For the wycked ſynne,of fylthye ydolatrye,
Whych the .v. trybes ded,in the lande of Samarye,
In ſpace of one daye,fifty thouſand men I ſlewe,
Thre of their cyties,alſo I ouerthrewe.
And left the people,in ſoch captyuyte,
That in all the worlde,they wyſt not whyther te fle.
The other .ij. trybes,whan they from me went back,
To ydolatrye,I left in the hande of Seſack.
The kynge of Egipt,whych toke awaye their treaſure,
Conuayed their cattel,and ſlewe them without meaſure.
In tyme of Achas,an hondred thouſand and twentye,
Were ſlayne at one tyme,for their ydolatrye.
Two hondred thonſande,from thens were captyue led,
Their goodes dyſperſed,and they with penurye fed.
Seldom they fayle it,but eyther the Egipcyanes,
Haue them in bondage,or els the Aſſyreanes.
And alone they maye,thanke their ydolatrye.

Eſaias Propheta.

Wele,yet bleſſed lorde,releue them with thy mercye.
Though they haue bene yll,by other prynces dayes,
Yet good Ezechias,hath taught them godlye wayes.
Whan the prynce is good,the people are the better.
And as he is nought,their vyces are the greater.
Heauenlye lorde therfor,ſende them the conſolacyon,
Whych thu haſt couenaunted,with euery generacyon.
Open thu the heauens,and lete the lambe come hyther,
Whych wyll delyuer thy people all togyther.
Ye planetes and cloudes,caſt downe your dewes and rayne,
That the earth may beare,our helthfull ſauer playne.

Pater cœleſtis

Maye

Maye the wyfe forget, the chylde of her owne bodye?

Eſaias Propheta.

Naye that ſhe can not, in anye wyſe verelye.

Pater cœleſtis

Nomore can I them, whych wyll do my cõmaundementes,
But muſt preſerue them, from all inconuenyentes.

Eſaias Propheta.

Bleſſed art thu lorde, in all thy actes and iudgementes.

Pater cœleſtis.

Wele, Eſaias, for thys thy fydelyte,
A couenaunt of helthe, thu ſhalt haue alſo of me.
For Syons ſake now, I wyll not holde my peace,
And for Hieruſalem, to ſpeake wyll I not ceaſe.
Tyll that ryghteouſe lorde, be come as a ſũne beame bryght,
And their iuſt ſauer, as a lampe extende hys lyght.
A rodde ſhall ſhut fourth, from the olde ſtocke of Jeſſe,
And a bryght bloſſome, from that rote wyll aryſe.
Vpon whom alwayes, the ſprete of the lorde ſhall be,
The ſprete of wyſdome, the ſprete of heauenly practyſe,
And the ſprete that wyll all godlyneſſe deuyſe.
Take thys for a ſygne, A mayde of Iſrael,
Shall conceyue and beare, that lorde Emanuel.

Eſaias Propheta.

Thy prayſes condygne, no mortall tunge can tell,
Moſt worthye maker, and kynge of heauenlye glorye.
For all capacytees, thy goodneſſe doth excell,
Thy plenteouſe graces, no brayne can cumpas trulye,
No wyt can conceyue, the greatneſſe of thy mercye,
Declared of late, in Dauid thy true ſeruaunt,
And now confirmed, in thys thy latter couenaunt.
Of goodneſſe thu madeſt, Salomon of wyt moſt pregnãt,
Aſa and Joſaphat, with good kynge Ezechias,

In

In thy ſyght to do, that was to the ryght pleſaunt.
To quench ydolatrye, thu rayſedeſt vp Helias,
Jehu, Heliſeus, Micheas, and Abdias.
And Naaman Syrus, thu pourgedeſt of a leprye,
Thy workes wonderfull, who can but magnyfye?
Aryſe Hieruſalem, and take fayth by and bye,
For the verye lyght, that ſhall ſaue the, is commynge.
The ſonne of the lorde, apere wyll euydentlye,
Whan he ſhall reſort, ſe that no Joye be wantynge,
He is thy ſauer, and thy lyfe euerlaſtynge,
Thy releaſe from ſynne, and thy whole ryghteouſneſſe.
Helpe me in thys ſonge, to knowledge hys great goodneſſe.

Concinna tunc uoce Antiphonam inchoat, O radix Ieſſe,
Quam chorus proſequetur cum organis,
Vel Anglice hoc modo canet.

O fruteſull rote of Jeſſe, that ſhall be ſet as a ſygne amonge people, agaynſt the worldly rulers ſhall fearcely opē their mouthes, Whom the Gentyles ſhall worſhypp as their heauenly lorde, come now for to delyuer vs, and delaye the tyme no longar.

Finit actus Sextus.

Pater cœleſtis

I haue with fearcenesſe, manyfolde oft tymes corrected,
And agayne I haue allured hym by ſwete promes.
I haue ſent ſore plages, whan he hath me neglected,
And then by and by, moſt comfortable ſwetnes.
To wynne hym to grace, both mercye and ryghteouſnes,
I haue exercyſed, yet wyll he not amende.
Shall I now loſe hym, or ſhall I hym defende?
In hys moſt myſchefe, moſt hygh grace wyll I ſende.
To ouercome hym, by fauoure, if it maye be.
With hys abuſyons, no longer wyll I contende,
But now accomplyſh, my firſt wyll and decre.
My worde beynge fleſh, from hens ſhall ſet hym fre.
Hym teachynge a waye, of perfyght ryghteouſneſſe.
That he ſhall not nede, to peryſh in hys weakeneſſe.

Ioannes baptiſta.

Manaſſes (lorde) is paſt, whych turned from the hys harte,
Achas and Amon, haue now nomore a do.
Iechonias with other, whych ded themſelues auarte.
From the to ydolles, maye now no farther go.
The two falſe iudges, and Bels wycked preſtes alſo,
Phaſſur and Semeias, with Nabuchodonoſoie,
Antiochus and Triphon ſhall the dyſpleaſe nomore.
Thre ſcore yeares and ten, thy people into Babylon,
Were captyue and thrall, for ydolles worſhyppynge.
Hieruſalem was loſt, and left voyde of domynyon,
Brent was their temple, ſo was their other buyldynge,
Ther hygh preſtes were ſlayn, ther treaſure came to nothyng
The ſtrength and bewtye, of thyne owne heretage.
Thus dedeſt thu leaue then, in myſerable bondage.
Oft had they warnynges, ſumtyme by Ezechiel,
And other prophetes, as Eſaye and Hieremye.

Sumtyme

Sumtyme by Daniel, sumtyme by Ose and Johel,
By Amos and Abdias, by Jonas and by Sophonye,
By Nahum and Micheas, by Agge and by Zacharye,
By Malachias, and also by Abacuch,
By Olda the wydowe, and by the prophete Baruch,
Remembre Josias, whych toke the abhomynacyon,
From the people then, restorynge thy lawes agayne.
Of Rechab consydre, the faythfull generacyon,
Who to wyne drynkynge, no frynd shyppe nyghe cõstrayne.
Remembre Abdemelech, the frynde of truthe certayne,
Zorobabel the prynce, whych ded repare the temple,
And Jesus Josedech, of vertu the exemple,
Consydre Nehemias, and Esdras the good scrybe,
Mercyfull Tobias and constaunt Mardocheus.
Judith and quene Hester, of the same godly trybe,
Devoute Matharbias, and Judas Machabeus.
Haue mynde of Eleazar, and then Joannes Hircanus,
Waye the erneſt faythe, of thys godlye cumpanye,
Though the other cleane, fall from thy memorye.

Pater cœleſtis.

I wyll Johan I wyll, for as I sayd afore,
Rygour and hardeneſſe, I haue nowſet a part,
Myndynge from hens fourth, to wynne man euermore,
By wonderfull kyndeneſſe, to breake hys ſtubberne hart,
And change it from synne. For Chriſt ſhall ſuffre ſmart,
In mannys frayle nature, for hys inyquyte,
Thys to make open, my maſſenger ſhalt thu be.

Ioannes baptiſta.

As thy pleaſure is, ſo bleſſed lorde appoynt me,
For my helthe thu art, and my ſowles felycyte.

Pater cœleſtis.

Longe ere I made the, I the predeſtynate,

Before thu were borne, I the endued with grace.
In thy mothers wombe, were thu sanctyfycate,
By my godlye gyft, and so confirmed in place,
A Prophete to shewe, a waye before the face,
Of my most dere sonne, whych wyll come the vntyll,
Applye the apace, thyne offyce to fulfyll.
Preache to the people, rebukynge their neglygence,
Doppe them in water, they knowledgynge their offence.
And saye vnto them, The kyngedome of God doth cum,

Ioannes Baptista.

Vnmete lorde I am, Quia puer ego sum;
An other than that, Alac I haue no scyence,
Fyt for that offyce, neyther yet cleane eloquence.

Pater cœlestis.

Thu shalt not saye so, for I haue geuen the grace,
Eloquence and age, to speake in the desart place.
Thu must do therfor, as I shall the aduyse,
My appoynted pleasure, fourth vtter in any wyse.
My stronge myghtye wordes, put I into thy mouthe,
Spare not but speake them, to east, west, north and southe.

Hic extendens dominus manum, labia Ioannis digito tanget, ac ori imponet auream linguam.

Go now thy waye fourth, I shall the neuer fayle.
The sprete of Helias, haue I geuen the alredye.
Persuade the people, that they their synnes bywayle,
And if they repent, their customable folye,
Longe shall it not be, ere they haue remedye.
Open thu their hartes, tell them their helth is commynge.
As a voyce in desart, se thu declare the thynge.
I promyse the sure, thu shalt washe hym amouge them.
In Jordane a floude, not farre from Hierusalem.

Ioannes Baptista.

Shewe

Shewe me yet good lorde, wherby ſhall I knowe that mā,
In the multytude, whych wyll reſort to Jordane?

Pater cœleſtis.

In thy mothers wombe, of hym haddeſt thu cognycyon.

Ioannes Baptiſta.

Yea, that was in ſprete. I wolde now knowe hys perſon.

Pater cœleſtis.

Haue thu no feare Johan, hym ſhalt thu knowe full well,
And one ſpecyall token, afore wyll I the tell,
Super quem uideris ſpiritum deſcendentem & manentem
Super eum, hic eſt qui baptizat ſpiritu ſancto
Amonge all other, whom thu ſhalt baptyſe there,
Vpon whom thu ſeyſt, the holy Ghoſt deſcende,
In ſhappe of a doue, reſtynge vpon hys ſhuldere.
Holde hym for the ſame, that ſhall the worlde amende,
By baptym of ſprete, and alſo to man eytende,
Moſt ſpecyall grace. For he muſt repare hys fall,
Reſtorynge agayne, the iuſtyce orygynall.
Take now thy iournaye, and do as I the aduyſe,
Firſt preache repentaunce, and than the people baptyſe.

Ioannes baptiſta.

Hygh honour, worſhypp, and glorye be vnto the,
My God eternall, and patrone of all puryte.
Repent good people, for ſynnes that now are paſt,
The kyngedome of heauen, is at hande very nye.
The promyſed lyght, to yow approcheth faſt,
Haue fayth, and applye, now to receyue hym boldelye.
I am not the lyght, but to beare teſtymonye,
Of hym, am I ſent, that all men maye beleue,
That hys blonde he: wyll, for their redemp:yon geue.
Heis ſoch a lyght, as all men doth illumyne,
That euer were here, or ſhall be after thys,

All the worlde he made, by hys myghtye power deuyne,
And yet that rude worlde, wyll not knowe what he is.
Hys owne he enterynge, is not regarded of hys,
They that receyue hym, are Gods true chyldren playne,
In ſpirite regenerate, and all grace ſhall attayne.
Manye do recken, that I Johan Baptyſt am he,
Deceyued are they, and that wyll apere in ſpace,
Though he come after, yet was he longe afore me,
We are weake veſſels, he is the welle of grace,
Of hys great goodneſſe, all that we haue we purchace:
By hym are we lyke, to haue a better increes,
Than euer we had, by the lawe of Moſes.
In Moſes harde lawe, we had not els but darkenes,
Fygure and ſhaddowe. All was not els but nyght,
Ponnyſhment for ſynne, moch rygour, payne and ronghnes,
An hygh change is there, where all is turned to lyght,
Grace and remyſſyon, anon wyll ſhyne full bryght,
Neuer man lyued, that euer ſe God afore,
Whych now in our kynde, mannys ruyne wyll reſtore.
Helpe me to geue thankes, to that lorde euermore,
Whych am vnto Chriſt, a cryars voyce in the deſart,
To prepare the pathes, and hygh wayes hym before,
For hys delyght is, on the poore ſymple hart.
That innocent lambe, from ſoch wyll neuer depart,
As wyll faythfullye receyue hym with good mynde.
Lete our voyce then ſounde, in ſome ſwete muſycall kynde.

Reſona tunc uoce Antiphonam incipit, O clauis Dauid, 12
Quam proſequetur chorus cum organis, ut prius.

Vel in Anglico ſermone ſic.

O perfyght keye of Dauid, and hygh ſceptre of the kynbred of Jacob, whych openeſt and no man ſpeareth, thu ſpeareſt

reſt and no man openeth, come & delyuer thy ſeruaunt man-
kynde bounde, in priſon ſytynge in the darkeneſſe of ſynne
and bytter dampnacyon.

Baleus Prolocutor.

The matters are ſoch, that we haue vttered here,
As ought not to ſlyde, from your memoryall,
For they haue opened, ſoch comfortable gere,
As is to the helthe, of thys kynde vnyuerſall,
Graces of the lorde, and promyſes lyberall,
Whych he hath geuen, to man for euery age,
To knyt hym to Chriſt, and ſo clere hym of bondage.
As Sayut Paule doth write, vnto the Corinthes playne,
Our fore fathers were, vndre the cloude of darkenes,
And vnto Chriſtes dayes, ded in the ſhaddowe remayne,
Yet were they not left, for of hym they had promes,
All they receyued, one ſpirytuall fedynge doubtles,
They dronke of the rocke, whych them to lyfe refreſhed,
For one ſauynge helthe, in Chriſt, all they confeſſed.
In the womans ſede, was Adam firſt inſtyfyed,
So was faytfull Noah, ſo was iuſt Abraham.
The faythe in that ſede, in Moſes fourth multyplyed,
Lyke wyſe in Dauid, and Eſaye, that after cam.
And in Johan Bapty ſt, whych ſhewed the very lam:
Though they ſe a farre, yet all they had one inſtyce,
One Maſſe (as they call it) and in Chriſt one ſacryfyce,
A man can not here, to God do better ſeruyce,
Than on thys to grounde, hys faythe and vnderſtandynge,
For all the worldes ſynne, alone Chriſt payed the pryce,
In hys onlye deathe, was mannys lyfe alwayes reſtynge,
And not in wyll workes, not yet in mennys deſeruynge,
The lyght of our faythe, make thys thynge euydent,

And not the practyſe of other experiment.
Where is now fre wyll, whom the hypocrytes commend,
Wherby they report, they maye at their owne pleaſure,
Do good of themſelues, though grace and fayth be abſent,
And haue good intentes, their madneſſe with to meaſure,
The wyll of the fleſhe, is proued here ſmall treaſure,
And ſo is mannys wyll, for the grace of God dothall,
More of thys matter, conclude heraſter we ſhall.

Thus endeth thys Tragedy or enterlude manyfeſtynge the chefe promyſes of God vnto Man by all ages in the olde lawe, from the fall of Adam, to the incarnacyon of the lorde Jeſus Chriſt. Compyled by Johan Bale. Anno domini, M. D. XXXVIII.

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Bale, John
The chief promises of God unto man

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